are the result of some occuit mental force or action akin to that evinced in what is (not exactly known, but) commonly designated as Human Magnetism, Mesmerism, Clairvoyance, Biology, or by whatever name beside the popular ignorance respecting it may be veiled; while a respectable party believe them to be truly spiritual in their origin, but the product of evil spirits. Neither of these classes will be converted or confounded by Mr. Ballou's book, nor will the general public be much enlightened by it. He leaves the whole matter very nearly where he found it. He considers, but does not overthrow, the cavils that most of the alleged 'Spiritual Manifestations' are insignificant er common place in their tenor-that the views of the Spirit World therein set forth are glaringly at variance-and that there is a prevalent vagueness, unreality, inconsistency, in these revelations, which leaves those who have long sought and received them still doubting whether their departed friends have really addressed them or not. Mr. B. bimself, it is plain, is not absolutely free from doubt on this latter point, though he wars so relentlessly on the doubts of others.

The book required on this subject has not yet been written-at any rate not published. It should trace the history of these 'Rappings,' etc. from the outset, sift the stories now afloat, often on very slender foundations, and determine what are and what are not so authenticated as should entitie them to be considered testimony-and then proceed to give all the facts germain to the subject, whether they make for or against any particular theory. Let those which tend to establish 'Spiritualism' be set forth, connected and contrasted with those which, taken by themselves, lean decidedly the other way, leaving the reader perfectly free to draw his own conclusions. Such a book would be widely acceptable, and would do much good, in softening violent prejudice and bigoted contempt on the one hand, and in modifying beadstrong zeal and fanatic, all-absorbing faith on

-Having thus indicated its defects, we proceed te quote from Mr. Ballou's book specimens of the new testimonies (new to us, at least) contained in

STATEMENT OF HARVEY CHASE.

About the last of October, 1851, I went to the house of Marcus C. Wilcox, of Blackstone, to witness Spiritual Enoties and tops, which I understood they were constraitly receiving. On one evening, when sitting around a table with Mrs. Eliza Wilcox (**ho was the medium) and Marcus C. Wilcox, her husband, with several others where names I do not now recollect, was purported to be the spirit of Sy bil Chase, my former wife, made her presence known by rappitings, and gave her name by our calling the siphabet. Several questions were put to her and nameword. I put the following question: Will you take me by the hand? The answer was "No." Then asked her if it would ever be possible for her to do co? Yes." See then called for the siphabet by giving five distinct raps, which was the signs for that jurpose, and we obtained the toliowing raply, "I cannot shake nands with you here, but if you will go to Mediah Knowlton's, as Greenville, R. L., and all with Daniel Knowlton, (D. K. to a young brother of Mrs. Wilcox, and a strong Medium,) I will take hold of your hand." At the same time, my tancer and George Knowlton, who jurpored to be present, said they would take hold of my hand, if I would go to Greenville and att with Daniel Soon after the events relax do here, Marcus C. Wilcox and my-elf went to the house of Mr. Knowlton, and had a sitting with Daniel Knowlton, the medium, the result of watch was as follows: After being eached a short time, the rapping and other manifestations were made, and several questions were put and answered, before making the object of our visit known. I then put the question, "Are the spirits present who brounled to take me by the hand? The asswer was, "Fac." I then held my hand in open space, where it was not possible to be reached by any one present without aftering their position, which they due not, as i must have seen them. I ledt a hand as perfect as that of a livine person the touch and exparation of the flegers was pinally perceptioned to be the hand of my form

One evening, after the spirit of Sanjuel Casar had played the vicin, while held directly under Mr. Emery Rocur's tace, writers on the siste, and given other remarkable manifestions, Mr. Scott seared binacel near the sanve, several feet from the table at which the sitting was in process. There was a lamp on the table, and another on the sink close by, shining very clearly under the table. The table stood two feet from the well of the room, which was whitch, and redected the and ano her on the sink close by, shining very clearly under the table. The table stood two feet from the well of the room, which was whittab, and reflected the light very strongly. The Medium sat between the table very strongly. The Medium sat between the table and the wall, searly facing Mr. Scott. Torre were only two or three around the table, and toes sat in such positions, that Mr. S., with the strong light which shone or derroses, could dischooly see all that transpired on and under the table. The Medium held the slate with one band under the table while her other resed on its upper surface. Her husband was asking questions, and the spire of Samuel Caser was answering by raps and writing on the slate. While mis was proceeding, Mr. Scott, who was smoking his pipe at the slate, which has the tendent on the slate, distinctly saw the shadowy spirit hand, with the arm helf way to the elsow, repeatedly projected and moving about on the slate. At first the supicion crossed his mind that it might be the hand of the Medium. He held her to be morally he capable of intentional deception, yet thought is possible her hand might be used ancers learly. But subsequent excelul scrutiny showed him, beyond a doubt, that the hand be saw was that of a large-zeo man; that it was of a diderent color and appearance from the Medium's, and that the manner in which she held the slate with one hand, write resting her other on the table, precluded the possibility of her using either, as the one was used which he as w moving ever and about the slate.

The next right another sixting was held, and Mr. Scott, having ponder d the subject very serkously, resoived, My possible, to see the band again. Mesers, Bunjamin

having ponders of the subject very seriously, resolved, if possible, to see the hand again. Meers, Banjamin Ray, Eris Cook, and a few ottor neighbors were present, but the company was not large. Various excellent M possible, to see the band again. Messrs, Senjamin Ray, Eth Cook, and a few ottoer neighbors were present, but the company was not large. Various excellent manifestations were made. All things having been favorably arranged for obtaining a clear view under the table, Messrs. Scott and Cook seated incenselves quietly at the stove, rear the spot where Scott ast the evening before. Presently Cook, evincing considerable surprise, whisowered to Scott that be had seen a hand. Scott reloised, "I be heve it; for I saw one tast night." Cook new went to the table and requested the Medium to place both hands on the table. The company queries, and be had to explain by telling what he had seen. He said he thought it must be the Medium's hands, made use of by spirts unconsciously to hereaff. He wanted to ras it. The Medium feit greved. Mr. Ray romarked, "She could not have done it; for one of her hands was under the slate, and the other on the table all the then." The most if relations seemed combarrassed, and all nost cuspended. One of the spirists prevent, an uncer of the Medium, speited out by raps, "E iza feels grieved; she thints like its Cook has hard shoughts." Considerable discussion followed. Mr. Cook requested Maccus Wilcox to place his band under the table, and afterward the Mechum to precent hers. Cook then said that the hand he saw was entirely different in appearance from either of theirs. It was not desh-cokored, but had a shadu sy or cloud-like color, as Scott had seen it the previous evalue.

for several transport of the previous of theirs, it was not desh-cokerd, but had a shadowy or cloud-like color, as Sout had seen it the previous of their several transport of the previous were called for with the slate and visite; but I. Ruswitten, the Medium's spirit-under, refused to make use of them, showing them out from ander the table as often as they were presented. He was then asked,—"Mave you anything to communicate through the slopes but if Eura will go and sit by the store, I will show her my hand." The Medium dreaded the signt, and could not be prevailed on, though all the company haphered her to do so. The spirit, too, spelled out—"Elias, go and see my hand." Sill she could not be prevailed on, though all the company haphered her to do so. The spirit, too, spelled out—"Elias, go and see my hand." Sill she could not be induced Question to the spirit, will she be frightened?"

Private and, "Will you go, Eliza, when some of the paople are gone?" Mr. Soon said to her,—"Now, you can say either set or so." But she hestasted, and could asp prither. Varie he remarks. The spirit said, "All move up to the table." Some compiled, and others did not. The table moved the citimes to eard the center of the row, six inches each time. Mr. Soott remarked,—"Will had not "Yes" Mr. Soott each,—"Now, Eliza go and see the hand. Spirit rejdined, "No. Marcus and Eliza go together, and eliby the stove." The Medium reluctantly consented to accompany her husband. The circle opened a space officiently wide to a ford a good view under the sole, but the Pabi did not shine there, as when Mesers. Soot and Cox a had seen the hand. The circle opened a space officiently wild to a ford a good view under the sole, and they could not distinguish in force. But precently fire Wilson saw a hand pulnting first toward the saw in all the could not describe the sole. He had not shine the other, and the

and arm half way to the elbow. The Medium saw it completely to the elbow. It appeared to be of a pale witte color, contrasting asturally with the dim darkness that prevailed under the table. When Scott and Cook had their opportunities, it was very light under the table, and the hands seen appeared shadowy. Now, when it was dark there, the hand appeared as if composed of pale light, or some fine, whitish, aerial substance To conclude, the spirit positively delared that Mesers. Scott and Cook had not been deceived, but that each had seen a spirit hand.

I close this coapter, by stating that the persons named in the foregoing narration have suthorized me to refer any doubter or inquirer to them, as whnesses of the facts set forth, and of numerous similar facts which it was impossible to present in this work. Mesers. Enery Scott, Marcus C. Wilcox, and Harvey Chase are not only selling, but desirens that I should state to the public heir conversion to a firm and happy belief in the immortality of all human souls. Scott was for many years an intelligent but inveterate materalist, who could not believe in the existence of any conscious human spirit, except in cornection with the material organic brain. He says he often desired to believe in man's future existence, but could find no proof of it adequate to rational conviction. He also rejected all the so called supernaturalism of the Bible. When he first began to read of Spirit Manifestations in the papers, and even after they came into his own neighborhood, he considered the very likes of spirits communicating with mortals, and for some time stubboraly refused to witness what was going on at Mr. Wilcox's. But his conversion is complete. Mr. Wilcox was brought up an atheir, and says he hated the very sight of the Bible from childhood. Now he reads it frequently with exceeding delight, especially the New Testament Scriptures. The apprint study of the sublines principles therein expressed. Mr. Chase has a his her reading of that excellent chapter, I John, Iv., was called

-Mr. Ballou's book is for sale by Fowlers & Wells, No. 131 Nassau-st.

> A GONDOLA SONG, For The Tribane. LADY! leave a moment no *,
> While the curl droops on your brow,
> There hot halls, and step with me Down upon the evening sea. To-night youth almost lives again : How the rich music's dying strain Yearns after us like light—'tis gone-We are once more all alone. Read me, unforgotten eyes! Search my soul without surprise, Like a withered bud it is, An exhausted hope of bliss. Long ugo, when first I knew The proud out that dwelt in you, But to be yours I had given All my dearest dream of heaven. I was vanquished; -be it so! Over me the calm stars go, Under me the meek flowers blow,— I have conquered, too, I know. Yet, in scorning me, you felt Hope from out your future melt, And my heart to-night is yet Colder than your coronet But though I am hopeless, I Sadder sorrow can descry; I am lose—but, proudly wora, Wilder woe your soul has torn O. sweet Lady! if I were Now, as onee, your worshipper,— I could never sting you so, But you broke my heart, you know. Here we touch the steps again, Sweet thet and Mazourka strain! Silent !-ho, Giuseppe, light! Your mistress is not well to night.

A DROWSY pain, a dull, dead pain, heart, and clouds my brain; Prays on my heart, and clouds my brain And shadows brood above my dreams, Like spect al mists o'er haunted streams. There is no fire within the grate; The room is cold and desolate, And dampness on the windo e-panes Foretells the equinoctial rains. The stone road runs post the door, Dry and dusty evermore; Up the road the people go, Shadowy figures, sad and slow, And the strange houses lie bel Westher stained, and old, and gray, Till they meet the ancient quay. Across the road the dark elms wait, Ranged in a row hefore the gate, Giving their voices to the wind, And their sorrows to my mind. Behind the house, 'he river flows, Half unest, and half repose; Over the river the church-yard lies, Whose whited stones like gnosts arise; Ships lie below with mildewed sails, Tatter d in furniture sales. Tatter d in forgotten g des: Along each hulk a whitish I ne, The dashing of the ancient brine Beyond are spaces of the sea, Which old Ocean's portals be; And the land runs out its horns of sand And the sea comes in to meet the land. Sky sinks to sea, sea swells to sky, Sky sinks to sea, sea swells to sky,
Till they meet, and mock the eye;
And where they meet the sand hills lie;
No cattle in their pastures seen,
For the yellow grass was never green:
With a calm and solemn stare
They book to heaven, in blank despair;
And heaven, with sity dumb the while,
Looks down again, with sickly smile!
The sky is gray, half dark, helf bright,
Swimming in oim, uncertain light,
Something between the day and night.
And the winds blow, but soft and low,
Unbeard, unheeded in their wo;
Like some rick heart, too near o'erthrown
To vent its grief, by sigh or moan, To vent its grief, by sigh or moan, Some breaking heart, like mine, alone And here I dwell, condemned to see, And he, what all these phantoms be, Within this realm of penal pain, Reside the melancholy main, The waste which lies, as legend saith, Between the worlds of Life and Death; A s ul from Life to Death betrayed, A Shadow in the World of Shade! AN, Nase. R. B. STODDARD.

A Michigan lady favors us with the following glowing lines on a memorable incident in the life of the Patriot Chief for whom the American People are about to attest their grateful admiration :

SCOTT IN MEXICO. Suggested by reasing John M. Clayton's Speech on the Nomination of Gen. Scott.

Go, YE who trace all patriot worth, And de ds of valor done, To him, our nation's earliest pride, Our idol Washington! Go stand beside him in that hour
When at his first were laid,
The symbols of imperial power,
By hearts his love had swayed—

By peasants from thefr peaceful homes. warriors from the When kings looked torth from palace halle

To see the patriot yield! Go, feel with hun the threb of pride That truly he can feel, Who holdly fronts the cannon's mouth
Ard bares his breast to steal For her his country, loved and wronged

And then unmoved can see The crown and scepter at his feet, For joy that she is free! Go, trace the hero's biameless life 'The but the brilliant prototype For one of later age

In proud but conquered Mexico. Upon the ensanguined plain, A Hero stands with bloody sword

Amid the thousands slain.

From every baid, embattled hight,
Between him and the sea.

The starry flag in triumph floats,
Proud emblem of the Free!

The city with its glittering domes, And halls of kingly pride, Hath laid her standard at his feet, And oped her portals wide. And now she hails the victor chief Her conqueror and lord, And proffers in the nation's name Her diadem and sword!

What means that flush of pride and scorn That lights the Warrior's brow ? But late his weary hands hung down; Why point they upward now? "I am Columbia's soldier born;

And while her banners wave, Beneath their folds my home shall be-There will I make my grave!

Oh, not for Valor's sake alone, Columbia, love thy son; For blood poured out in thy defense, Or victories he hath won! But for that pure and stainless faith, The love, the petriot glow,

That fired his heart in foreign climes, Amid a conquered foe! That looked to thee with steadfast trust,

When thy mistaken power Had torn the laurels from his brow, In Victory's proudest hour!
That scorned a nation's proffered wealth,
And to thy banner turned—
That banner 'mid whose flashing folds
The stars of glory burned.

Oh daubt not he who placed it there In Battle's fearful roar,
Will guard its honor on the seas,
Or on his native shore!

Then for the love he bears for thee, Columbia, trust thy son:
Give love for love, and let him be
Thy second Washington! STELLA.

Stuart's Washington.

From The Newark Daily Advert There is considerable discussion in the There is considerable discussion in the paper about the file to the ownership of Stuart's Head of Westington, found in his possession at his death. Mr. Geo W P. Custis, it seems, claims it under a bequest to him by Madam, Washington of all the family pictures. He accuratingly wrote to Stuart for it after the ocath of that lady, ffering even to pey for it, though it was to have been here, he says, without money or picce. But he did not get it. And the reason why he old not, probably was, that Stuart thought it was his own.

own.

We were well acquainted with the great painter, and at one time were in the habit of meeting him almost cally On one occasion, he began to unroll a picture with much solemnity, saying that what he was then doing was a particular favor, for he did not exhibit the work it e was about to show to everybody. He then held up the picture in question, which looked as fresh as if just painted. This was about fire or six and t-eaty if just painted. This was about near sex and twenty pears ago. He took us it was to be the inheritance of his chi'dren, and added, what we well knew before, that it was all he had to leave them; but that it would be sufficient, for it was the H-ad of the Father of his Country, taken at an actual sitting of its illustrious

Subject.

Gilbert Stuart's face was marked by strong, prominent features, indicating a passionate temper. He had a hawk's wild grizzly eye, penetrating, and at itimes almost savage in the look. He was impressive, magisterial-line, and deliberate, though an educical in his tilk; and it he had not been a great palmer, would have shone equally in some other sphere. From bis appearance, one would have set him down as a master in the resim of intellect, rather than of take. And mind was, in fict, what he liked to point. He was a man of wit, which he reliated considerably in others though more when it was his own happy issue. Everybedy has heard of his love of wine, which he said was never sener than when five years old. Mr. stuart was a most inordinate taker of souff; rivers if which meandered in yellow currents down the rolle or his slict. Once, he is formed us, his box was accidentally left ochlind on the table of a friend with woom he has been did log. When he has goes, it was seen after him to his house in a wheel-barrow. The reason of the joke was, that it was of the same size, and belog of all ver, loosed exactly like an old fashioned tinder-box—too bulay entire y to be sent dome in a servant's pocket.

Stuart's hand was transions in a servant's pocket.

Stuart's hand was transions in he later years, so that, shough be could paint well enough, he wrote with difficulty. His a super was to grasp, the quill sming the testerr, just as be held the pencil. No one could be more care is a nout this money. When he received a hundred or two delians for a picture, he put it in a shet ong kept in the corner of his priming room, to which he received as long as it leated. Once, having occasion to call upon him for a sum, he went to get it, But taking up the bag and shakteg it, it was discovered to be en pty. "Welh," said he, "I must give you the bag the tend of the pencil in the same of the since."

He had a young autist from Philadelphia under his in-Glibert Stuart's face was marked by strong, pro-

the une

He had a young artist from Philadelphia under his in He had a young artist from Philadelphia under his instructions by which he had been perfecting bimself is
the set for several months. Stuart was not a little
teazer—his patience was not his best developed fauch
ty—with the y ung man's frequent application to the
veteran, for the principles and rules of the picturial art.

"See me paint as metimes, and then go and paint, paint,
and keep painting." That was his advice. When the
same young gendeman was departing for his home,
Sourt told us decisively, that to eap his accomplish-

same young genieman was departing for his home, Suart told us decisively, that to exp his accomplishments, "he asked me for a receipt for the best varnish of pictures. I told the manipulstor to get it from Mr. Tomkles." That was the name of the house painter over the way. Excellent artists he said, were not rare; but there was a step beyond the c.m.non; that was the work of genius.

His conversation was fluent, instructive and richly entertaining; for his stream of talk was fed by foundation long collected from whoe intercourse with men in both hemispheres, from reading, and saill more from observation, which was keen and searching, and he never lorgot anything he ever saw, or heard, which presence d any trait worthy of remembrance. His reminiscences of ireland, where he had prucised his profession in the best society, were exceedingly rich. Drawn from many rare opportunities afforded by his connection with the beautiful, fashionable, the opulent, the mobile and it tellectual, his resources were uncommonly ample, and were dipensed with the greatest effect by a rare is on, for imitation and expression. His wife and daugaters almost worshipped him. There were free of them now remembred, who were characterized as the Beauty, the latellete and the Genius.

The last is a painter, much appreved, we believe, at the present time.

The last is a painter, much appreved, we believe, at the present time.

Stuart thought highly of his own excellence and powers, but mederately of his cosemporaries, Sir Thomas Lawrence included. He lamented his own unthitly habits, and the had taste of the public which kept him a portrain pointer, when he ought, and other size would have cared the highest warks of the art. But he could not afford it, his family would starve if he did not administer to the egregious vanity of the rich. Disquistions generally on his at he did not much admire, and ravely read. We showed him a review in the Ediaburge, of Northe te's Life of Sir Jashu Raynolds, then just published. On resuring it, he said he found it assemble preduction, which he liked. Northeote and he we were fellow students under West.

We take the following touching story from the police reports of The London Cimes:

from the police reports of The London Figures:
Robert Burns, a slight-made, delicate boy of 12 years old the bridge of whose nose was so injured as to render in level with his face, was placed at the bar before Mr. D'hypecount, charged with steeling an iron teaked the of the value of 1/3

Mr. George Cash, an ironmonger in High at, White chapt I, sale—I was in my soop a 6 o'clock last night, when a neighbor ran in and told me some boys and stole a kettle from my door. I hastened out after them, and overtook the prisoner at the end of St. Marry "at, it campany with others, with the kettle in an apron. The other boys recaped, and I held this one till a cor stable came up and gave him into custedy.

Mr. D'Egacarra (to the prisoner)—Well, do you wish to say any hing in answer!

Mr. D'Eyacarri (to the prisoner)—Well, do y su wish to sy shy, they is answer?

Prisoner—I did not steal the kettle, Sir; two by you came: way from this gentlemen's dor, and asked me to belie the bundle i.r. a minute, but the missent i had got ir, in y both went on very quick, and I went on quick no, to keep up with them, when this gentleman both is do ime for a saleg the kirle, but I did not think it was a rebory til the other by years away.

M. D by necurs, on hearing this aind of defense, though ordivered in an arrives and apparently trustrial is ber, had apparently made up his mind to convict, and basing asked the prisoner in the usual format errors went er he would prefer his dealing with the case to its bias a six before a jury, to which the boy with some healts him surepted, was about to sentence the prisoner, when he are him on being detected?

Mr. Cash—Why, he said the boys had given it him just the same as he does now, and did not try to get away. I resily ount what he burs the lad, if your winship pleases, and should not have given him is to custody at all, it is had not been for the imposent robberies to which we shop serpers are daily subjected. It is goerally come by boys, whom you do not see, and only robbee by them, and the this was constant robberies to which we shop serpers are daily subjected. It is goerally come by them, and the this was constant. Mr. D Eyacarri (to the boy)—Wast are your father and matter?

Prisoner—I have not got any father or mather. Mr.

Prisoner—I have not got any father or mether. My Prisoner—I have not got any father or mether. My Prisoner—I have not got any father or mether. My gar, but never came home again, and mether thought he was dead, so I lived with her this she died.

Mr. D'Excourt—When did she die, then ?
Prisoner—Abo.: a year ago; she caught the typhus fever and cled of it.

Mr. D'Excourt—Have you any brothers or sisters?

Mr. D'Epacourt. Have you any brothers or sisters!
Prisence...Ho, Str., only myself.

Mr. D Byscourt—Then how do you get a living, and where do you sleep at night!

Prisoner—I have care of carts and hold herses, and run of errance, and when I can't get anything like that to do I pick up hones in the street and sell them to the ragshops. I sleep where I can, a motimes in sheds and stables, but now I'm sleeping at a place kept by a man named Howard, for a few nights.

Mr. D Eyacourt—Why don't you try to get employment!

named Howard, for a teaching.

Mr. D'Eyacourt.—Why don't you try to get employment?

Prisonr.—Why, I did, Sir; I stopped as long as I orula wha man named —, who sells coals about the streets, but he made me work so hard, and best me so hardy that I was obliged to run away from him, and I've never been able to get any other piace since.

Mr. D'Eyacourt.—How did you get that dreadful we not do your nose:

Prisonr.—Why, I was sleeping under a pent house in Houndeditch one night, as I had n where else to go, when a city p-litecoman woke me up with three or four heavy blows on my back witch it trunchess, and on my jumping up and turning round, he struck at meagala with his trunchess, and it came on the bridge of my nose such a dreadful blow that the blood pour ed out, and it never atopped bleeding from then 119 in the morning, till size a larget. That was three months ag., I think, but I have always got a pala in my nose ever since.

Mr. D'Eyacourt.—And do you mean seriously to tell me that you have got your living in that way for the whole of the last twelvemont th, ever since you say that your mother oued!

Prisoner (with apparent earnestness)—Yes, Sir, I con lan's live in any other way.

Mr. D'Eyacourt.—(after some consideration)—This is certainly a very extaordinary statement the boy makes, it rue; I shall not deal with the case at p cent, let him he remanded for a week; and you, officer, in the meantline make proper inquides of those who know him, and ascertain what you can about his previous life and conduct.

The constable of course, promised to do so, and the prisoner was transferred to the House of Detention.

ORATION ON HENRY CLAY.

DELIVERED AT SAN FRANCISCO, IN AUGUST LAST.

BY HON. OGDEN HOFFMAN, Jr.,

JUDGE OF THE U. S. DISTRICT COURT.

The following beautiful tribute to the services and the memory of HENRY CLAY was delivered before an immense a idien ie in the Plaza, at San Francisco, shortly after the reception there of the news that he was no more on earth. Its author, Hon. OGDEN HOFFMAN, Jr., is the son of our eminent fellow-citizen of that name, and it is praise enough to say of this oration that it is worthy of the lather's fame :

When I survey this numerous assemblage and recall the event we commemorate, I may well feel oppressed by the magnitude of the occasion. To the might less of such a think who can do justice! Were my a name touched with even the dre of his effective, and could I catch a ray of that gentus by which he was so if unineed, I should said seek he value for words adequate to do justice to the memory of Heary Clay. It is not the frequent badge of mourning in our mines, it is not the described mark and unpeopled streats, the muffled drum and trailing flag which give solemelty to the scene; but it is that within which passes, show it is the sittlessing and the numbered prayer, which raise this celebration above the value pageant of an hoor, and sell in eithat I stand in the minest of a Nadonal berearement. We are gathered here win mountful yet grantful hearts, to rescer this our last tribute, on the western limits of the Republic, or a said his toot has never trad, and beleash akies the eye has never looked upon, but we stand an elecase, upon American France, and heart When I survey this numerous assem

limits of the Kepublic, or a soil his toot has never trod, and beneah attes the eye tas never looked upon, but we stard Americans, upon American ground, and wherever this day incre throbs an American heart, there, as from an altar, will ascend the incomes of pritie, admiration and love, for the genius and the virtue of Herry Clay.

An ore man has passed away. On tottering foot and weakened arm, but with eye undimmed, with intellect uncleaved, and with heart uncalled, he has been gabered to bis its hers. In no official action, without patterny, to bestow or to refuse, he has doed a private citizel. But actually the effectings of their gratituse and love; and, cheareing all political dictions in, the two straiparties of the country are unking like brothers long earnaged, over the grave of a common father. The man who can thus move the heart of a nation must have been of or common mold. But let us not, while haping garrands on his numb, conceas the loscription which tells of his deeds—that it could which theory, which beneforth claims sim as her own will receive as his best title to fan e and sureat passport to immortainty.

The year 1777, the first of our national existence, gave

which we work the country and himself, Mr.
In an auspleious bour for his country and himself, Mr.
Clay, then not 21 years of age, removed to Kentucky—
the ctate which so generously received him ween penple-seard wi hour friends, and so notify sustained him
terough his long career, and which though then conferring an collection upon him, has been repaid a thouard fold in the reflected glory which be has shed upon

ferring an obligation them film, as overn't peak a double?

On his arrival in Kentucky, Mr. Clay's hopes were more tran realized, the reshed at once tuto a successful and increasive practice. I may not now dwell upon the obligation of his arrival as a larger; but I may be permitted to recur with pride to the fact that he first rose to eminence is that profession which has siven so may cratic and sittenan no the country—which, however drawased by some of its members, is yes fitted in its theory to engage the roblest faculties of the heart; and his tap robes, the cardinal virtues of the heart; and which is those for noise struggles where every proposition is automated to the tests of discussion, of reason and of trath, prepared him to emerge from the contemtions of merely private interests into that nobler field, where the steel a nation or the welfare of his country has gauspinded an a debate. Lawyers, as least will lorgive the enall alon with which I remember that it was in the practice of our own profession that Mr. Clay me until do the first round of that ladder which was to endes thin te formership.

It is not now the time or place to review that political career on which Mr. Clay almost immediately endered the middle as he is with measures that have been and are the theme of discussion and debate, I must leave untouched many of the noblest efforts of his peaking, for the domain of politics cannot have be intraded to.

I was in the year 1812 that Mr. Clay, then Speaker of the House of Represen anives, appeared before the American people, the vincitator of the outraged monor, the nonaumed deterder of its located rights. He bad

get tos, for the domain of positics cannot strate be the tribed of n.

I was in the year 1812 that Mr. Clay, then Speaker of the House of Representatives, appeared before the American people, the vinoicator of its outraged monor, the uncaunted defender of its loised rights. He had seen for years, the commerce of his country the prey of the speller. He had bedeld our flag violated and entrastitors disaged into ca, tivity—rur name had become a represent and a bye-word throughout Europe. Yeard if the nation at odd dismayed and determined, it was then that the clarion value of Mr. Clay rung appointe sir, the that of a chief-alo calling his class sogether. Fresh from the particle and gellent West, till of a dor and the vigor of a peutiful streeman, fired with it digitation at the bashs of the enesist, he was determed up no difficulties dispusyed by no dancer. By his burning eloquence, by his particut appeals he infused his own fervid courage into the nation. In farry strains of in passioned or tury he purved out all the initiage of a sit ill jestions of his country's heaver, and knowing house alternative between submission and remains. His efforts were not unavailing. Roused by his voice, the spirit of the nation started from its sumbers, and the country embarked in a periious, a doubtful, but a triumphane coults.

To us, in this day and generation, it is not easy to do justice to the gainably and the patriodism of Mr. Clay at this momentum cristia, or in results the fearful responsibility he assumed. Accustomed as we are to behald our commerce a hitening every sea, and our day unferted our commerce a hitening every sea, and our day unfertied our commerce a hitening every sea, and our day unferted to every here ze, to feel that our name is every where respected, and our example a light a hope and a constraint has officed to accept the every bree each to see the great who are the order to have been fought, without a nary, almost without an armony, a young nation was to measure ecopons with our officed on the secon.

seen. At thet period the virgis forest still spread, une pecious of the ane, over the vreater periof the Valley of the Misissippi, the broad prairies still slumbered in the r-pose of primitive nature; no railroads travered the face of the country to commontors unton and countries our strength, but we sto-d scattered over the face of a vest country to commontors unton and countries our strength, but we sto-d scattered over the face of a vest country to common and unton and countries our strength, but we sto-d scattered over the face of our own soil. No winder then that discouragement, if not disney, un traded so many minds at the prespect. At d he nor to him who, undeterred by difficulties, unappelled by dan ger, cared to cherish a sublume satus in the valur and partition of the serion, and to assume the icarful resp ment ity of urging it to the contest.

Of the issue of that o not still is undecessary to speak, but as the American turns to the page of his concurry history which rescore the triumphs of Lundy's Lace, of Chippeens, and of New-Orleans, and which totis the thritting story of our naval success, let him at least remember, that but for Heary Clay that page might never have been written.

But his calms upon our gratitude do not rest here—called upon to nego late at Greent a treaty, by his firmness and angacity he laid the sure foundation of that peace which has since reland het seen that we can antions, it is to be hoped ever be brickes—we let has charged the feeding of he stritty into a sentiment of mutual respect—and has cause at the conflict of arms to be son-true ditto a sent-rous and a botter rivairy in aris, in commerce, and in itterature.

To him while services and a botter rivairy in aris, in commerce, and in itterature.

To him while a sent of the family of man, Mr. Clay's fame may supera brighest as the Advicace of Universal Freedom. "Born," in the language of Washington, "in a land of history, his analous recollections, his sin pashenic feedings and his best withous recollections, his sin pas

ceels of for freedom against the most recentions and the most inbursan despition.

Inhabiting the parsen of the earth, rich in the gifts of nature, surrounced by her prodigst muchicases, their lifty mountains and majestic rivers only served to remit of the most the curse waten under the earth desolate to ret oer miregs ling the chains of the most supendous system of color is it apoils in the world has ever seen. At he see by our success and one oraged by our exampe, they have dared to strike ables for feedom, and had succeeded in a criyan' quarters in driving the oppressors from their sool. At this in mentous crists how saked simily to be a kin whelesed as among the independent as verginities of the carrier they asked but the cheap boon of reeignition and sympathy. Evrope, clindful only of the claims of tottering legitimacy, was deef to their appeals. America, the only Republic upon earth, furned from its microbiand insufferent. It was then that Mr. Clay are paped forth, the undamoved advisate of universal freedom. alone and unaided, opposed abroad, and by his own G vermen it, he advance of the stabamer of the world, he had the carting philauthropy to proprise that their independence should be recognized. Though be filed he was not discouraged, but persovering with that tenselty which springs from a deep and permarent of the independence he alone alone, with invincible latic and resistless elequence be suppealed at once in the uncerstandings and the hearts of his country men and the present popularity, disclaiming aven in clauming the most remarkable parties entary between his stand, fired with a by year for the cause of humanity, and animated by the hip personal popularity, disclaiming aven in abstract by the his personal popularity, disclaiming aven in clauminated by the hip that the destit has relicated one of the most remarkable parties enterly the blessings of freedom. It is not a constant that the abstract of the pele. It is not so nucle the cover of the history priving of the most substraction of the par

no between of his nature it is this quality, as often also we throughout his t as carrier, that has evolved from the court rymen the sponsaneous, the almost avoluntary tribute of their love—which has since the actual and inspire the devett not his friends—which has proved the actual and one of his opponents, and will embals his memory so long as history shall preserve the record of his actions.

Of the great system devised by Mr. Clay to promote the development of the Mailmail resources it is not fit here to speak No. one will now deny that it was a schome worthy of the mind for m which it emanated, and letters by a pure and folly desire to promote the heror all westers. But the traveler who is borrow along over the road that it as is velied the barriers of the Alleghander, and, untiling the East to the West, is the highway of intercourse and the artesy of commence, may at least reduce, whatever be his political opinion, that it was by the influence of that example, that private enterprise and Easte Governments were attinuised to on manner that system of intercol improvements which has the jub spirand a network of sailrongs over the line, to form at once the pinder the fluence and the discouling-overments which has the class process of the Huden neighbore of the higher which has not only developed resources, at means directly a parts of the Union, and the since the inches, and the Charapeage to the Ohlo—which has made the remost as parts of the Union neighbore of the higher which has not only developed resources, at means directly and promoted mutual intercourse, but has were new and inclassoluble ties of social and political Union.

Buillier not on these services, however great, that

But it is not on there services, however great, that the bighest claim of Mr. Clay to the gratitude of his cutty neet is founded. Once, twice and a third time, to an interval of mere than thirty years, that he word forth as the great Pacificator, the Savior of the Union.

It was in the year 1818, to the agitation of the Missouri question that the nation behild the first gathering.

It was in the year [818, to the agitation of the mis-souri question that the nation behold the first gathering of that dark cloud which has storm so often shed bane-ful in fur for upon the country, and which, casting its parts into a shad we over our prospects, seemed to shut from our view the bright and brilliant future into which we were advancing. The deep sensibility of the country upon this mo-mentum question, and which has since been so danger-

memors question, and which has since been so dangerconcy y active, them for the first time round a voted to the
halls of the glassion, as of intenditient from the debates.
The members of Congress brough with them the feelhouse which persuded the States and sentions from which
they come the country was agriared to its utmost little.

In all sides were beggt the mutterings of the
storm—every where was seen the gathering of the
temperat. To one can his country surned as her less
thepe—to the indisence and the pathods of come on
the test as a list remoures—and not in valo—with
resolute and deveted particulate he addressed binnell
to the test. From the mices of the arrow, projudice
and strie, with ruly 1 salous! feeling, he surveyed the
aren; "resim, but but toolfierent," he looked down
then it with deep and must eathle satisfy. Recoiled
by his power, reason resonand her sway; aroused by
its eving men, particulates started from her repose;
arrid with no power but his of manding genius, he
combiling he discretch advised; at one time contimery the judgment by his irresistible reasoning—at
a rother, p. u ing out his thoughts and feelings in actuals
of turning and impassioned edequence. With an ardor
incephiles feeling child, with an activity that know
prove, so a verying did he took very faculty of midd
and body, but, agas he indegrapher, had that mouth's
agony and officit been ionger protrasted, it wish the acgreate casto. We his a beggrapher, had that mouth's
agony and officit been ionger protrasted, it wish has accounted
to the his of test produced the induces almen superand, which question and other was a
greate casto. We this of be activated the induces almen vice and to himself. And he succeeded. The clouds
electrost of the country in anytor should succeed alterth in reall the memer of those services which so
long as the files of the should have an activity and
are principles of accommendation to account the
near year of the country. I make the power, I believe was the files of the file of the par

from party strife, he was indulging in may have been the pleasing memories of a life well spent, he again appeared upon the scene, with patrigion unabshed, with faculties uninpatred. In his eye still lived lay worsted from his intellect will ovicioned its accional sceptre. He came in time, to use his own noble language, to reconcile a divided prople—to revive concord and harmony in a distracted land—to add one more, the less and the greatest, to the long list of his cervices to his country, and to gild with an imparishable glory the immortal name of the author of three Compromises.

the less and the greatest, to the long list of his country, and to gild with an imperiabable glory the immortal name of the author of three Comprorulars.

I have thus sitempted, and I feel how feebly, to teach upon some of the brigher parts of that career whose niting chize we this day commemorate. I have not sought to south the bisony of the country for more than forty year. I have soly endeavored to recal a few of those slovious acts, which to us, as we can a mouraful yet and utiling rearrapest over one past eased prominent, like the drames and aptractor a migary sity, to the eye of a distinct traviter. Hany a proud structure, many a lofty monument to his greatness. I have left unnofficed—for around them are sall; sweeping the scorem of political discussion, and the misso of projection might obscure or exaggerate their glery.

I feel that I have already too long abused your patience, else I might dwell upon that part of Mr. Clay's character about which affection while acuse sensibility, his faishful attackments: I might convemplate him at one time, bearing with unshaken farmees the fate of his dieds as, who found a hero's grave on the bathe fields of Mexico—as another, at ading at leken and agoulzed, wan quivewing fip and bruken unwerance, as he bowed to the decreasing sip and bruken unwerance, which took from him an only daughter. For besides and above his fame as atseen and, a partix in all aco rator, there washed him to the affection.

But it, alsencing the suggestions of our love, and assuming the variates ground of history, we shrow a calum retraper to the whole of his long carser, we cannot fail to be impressed with its unity, its beausy, as a hour his faither, the the Carthasethan of old, condeased him to the affection. It and as orator, there washed him not be affective. It was the lofty conclousness of the purity of all motives that induced him, when restricts as the long conscious of the party of all motives that fine has the policy he survained, his motives his life and its retraw of my public serv

But to the intellect and the actions of Mr. Clay, as well as to his metives, history will no justice. As a smearnan, she will behold in thim rare endowments of deep insight, acute discrimination, perfound sagasity, somether between and entightened policy, and infallible sact; as an orator, she will recognize to him a convincing logic, a to little geloque ce, and an impassioned ferror rarely equaled

To the studied grace of artificial rhetoric he did not

ie, a thillife elequet ce and an impassioned fervor rarely qualed.

To the studied grace of artificial rhetoric he did not aspire; but there was in his erst my a sincerity, a genularness, and an intensity, which seat the burning words umbit den to I is lipe, and which, as he sto d, with rediant brow and con mancing gesture, allenced opposition and electrified his hear ere.

The deshing eye is forever darkened; the music of his voice has clied into an echo; but still sell speak of him, there less before us the vision of Heary Clay in the day of his glary. Still we listed to that convincing logic a hich controlled our reason; still see beyond him as when "in form and statue proudly seminest," he poured forth the rich stream of persuasive o oquance, or stood, "trutched with a cobe anger," indignast and defiant, hurling back the investives of his copponents, or repeding the shafes of personal matics.

But their bright career has closed—his race has been run—his lamp is exiting heed—"his body has recursed to earth—his soult to the skies." Woerefore should we mourn? He has leved long enough for his fame. Almost enough for his country. The circle of his glory was con pleted. The has alone at least to the syramid of his greatness. To him has it need grave as tanded by the bleasting of a residue—the microception of his opponents. He has suck into an honored grave, attended by the bleasting of a residue—the microception of his opponents. He has with the an honored grave, attended by the bleasting of a residue—the microception of his own sublime and bleasting of a residue—the microception of his own sublime and bleasting of a residue—the microception of his own sublime and bleastine—the sell of his own as honored grave, attended by the honore of matter, the subliment of his own sublime and bleastine—the sell of his own with the subliment of his own sublime and bleastine—the sell of his subliment of his own sublime and bleastine—the subliment of his own sublime and bleast his bath of a subliment of his own sublime and blea be cold in its featiments of his greatness. The con-bizationed page of file my may imprefectly commemo-rate his particular, his wisdom, and his circgoscop, but the warm hearts to which our blood will best shall swell as o intril in other ages, at the utterance of his name, with in-linetive emotions of gaitede and love, quited with life from us, and inherited while any re-main worthy of America at differty.

RIVER AND HARBOR IMPROVEMENTS.

Speech of Hon. T. Smith of Conn..

THE PROPOSITION OF HON MR. DOUGLAS, OF ILL., TO AUTHORIZE A LEVY OF TUNNAGE DUTIES BY THE STATES FOR THE IMPROVE-MENT OF RIVERS AND HARBORS.

I elivered in the Senate of the United States, Aug. 23, 1892.

Mr. Smith-I regard the proposition which we have before us as a most extraordinary one. I regard, also, the speech which has been delivered by the Senator from Illinois (Mr. Doug-LAS) as equally extraordinary; and lalso regard the suggestion made by the Senator from Medigan. (Mr. Cass) that a surject of such vast importance should be permitted to go to the country with a speech only on one side, as one in which the members of this body should by no

Mr. Cass-Will the Senator from Con-Mr. Smil H-Certainly, Sir.

Mr. Cass-it is this: the American people understand the subject so well that there is no necessity to say a single word to them in

Mr. Smith-I think that this last sug-

is no her easity to say a single word to them in regard to it.

Mr. SMith—I think that this last suggestion of the Senator, if I understood him aright, pays a very poor compriment to the Senator from Illinois (Mr. 100GLAS.) I understood the Senator from Illinois (Mr. 100GLAS.) I understood the Senator from Illinois had made a very learned, and a very able speech and made a very learned, and a very able speech and had brought togother a great many important facts; sud, further, that this is a very important question. I understood him to combinent the Senator from Illinois for his effects on isla occasion; and I also unce stood him to say that he wished the people of rough at the country singst hore an opportantly of consecuring the surject does not be senator for the whole country, shall consider it; I thread that the people of the forth the people of the florth west and South-west that consider it; I mend that the people of the florth west and South-west and in short of the whole country, shall consider it. I takend to bring districtly before the people of the florth west and South-west with impunity, or whether it should be received here with any degree of favor.

And I must now appress once degree of surprise, that a propessit is south be received here with any degree of favor.

And it must now appress once degree of surprise, that a propessit is no cover! In the character and so sweeping in its effects an sudd be submitted at this late period of the existion, and cover surprise that the deceiver broad attempt to stand it to the River and Earbor bif—a measure of its flats in operation is should attempt to establish in operations of the such importance should have been referred as sequence and it depends preparations and cover should attempt to establish the country.

I material it should have been stored as a sequence and in dependent preparation of the such importance of the body in order that it might receive a grave and services of the body in order that it might receive a grave and services of the such it